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FLOWERS OF THE SEA.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

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TO CHILDREN MINE:

Who never of their mother's pen
A-weary grow,
In token of their sympathy
I here bestow
My simple songs in their dear names,
And leave them so.

S. E. A. H.

A SENTIMENT.

***

These dainty blossoms from the sea,
In all their beauty, seem to me
Sweet thoughts of the eternal.

S. E. A. H.

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APHRODITE.

Another Aphrodite art thou,
With wondrous grace in every motion;
White as the foam-drift is thy brow,
As blue thine eyes as sky-rimmed ocean.
That wooing, siren voice—ah, me!
I know not if my heart still slumbered,
But at a word I turned to thee—
And found my hours of peace were numbered.

J. T. C.

Gray lies the sea,
A heavy fog hangs low and dense and dark;
Dim outlined through the mist are anchored ships.
The sea-birds fold their wings and shiv'ring stand,
Or doubting rise with slow and wav'ring stroke
To silent poise on yonder tossing buoy.
The distant fog-bell tolls in tones so weird
One needs must listen as it were to count,
If young or old the new departed soul.
Slowly the sullen tide sweeps in and breaks
With a dull plash upon the sodden shore.

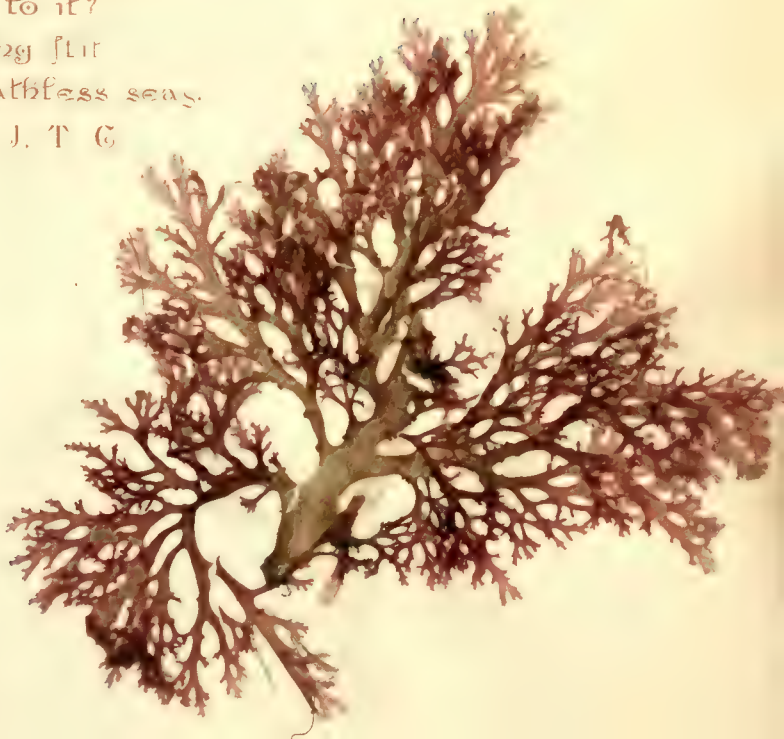
S. E. H.

AFFINITY.

***

How does my soul, thro' boundless distances,
Reach forth and draw thine own to it?
Ask of the sea mews that unerring flit
Home to their brooding mates, o'er pathless seas.

J. T. C.



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AFTER THE STORM.

A frowning cliff-line, bleak and wild,
By high tides fissured o'er,
Where stormy petrels voice their cries,
And sea gulls wheel and soar.

Below, upon the wave-washed rocks,
Held in the close embrace
Of clinging kelp, a rigid form,
The death seal on its face.

* * *

The storm is spent, a fair sky bends
To wrap the ocean round;
And bold against the blue is seen
A snowy sail, out-bound.

J. T. G.

SANTA BARBARA.

Around her rise the rock-ribbed hills,
Their massive strength her being fills;
Her head is vailed in transient mist,
Her feet by wooing billows kissed.
Adorned with countless blossoms rare
Whose precious perfume fills the air,
The 'broidered mantle, green and gold,
And heaped her lap with wealth untold.
Through all the dreamy, fleeting days
Ever beyond is fixed her gaze.
Thus Santa Barb'ra sits serene
Beside the sea, an uncrowned Queen.

S. E. A. H.

BON VOYAGE.

Bon voyage, sweet, across the main;
Swift speed the time until we meet
And tread the olden paths again.
Bon voyage, sweet.

Perchance another love than mine
Shall crown, and make thy life complete;
Be'n so,—my happiness for thine.
Bon voyage, sweet.

J. T. C.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

The' swift and happy transit
From earth to isle so blest,
Where guilt nor grief abideth
And love is entrance test,

Shall be with silent boatman
Who comes alone for me.
Each mortal at God's bidding
Must sometime cross Death's sea.

S. E. A. H.

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